THE LADDER

MAY

FIFTY CENTS

purpose of the

Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications—this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

MAY 1958
Volume 2-Number 8

Published monthly by the Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., a non-profit corporation, 165 O'Farrell Street, Room 405, San Francisco 2, California. Telephone YUkon 2-9290.

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

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Cover by Patti Brown

LIFE CLASS

Part one of a story by Jan Addison

"Essy, turn around! Let me see you."

When the girl only slouched stubbornly on across the room, the older woman moved her angular height with startling speed. At the door, hands behind her holding the knob, she confronted the thin shadow of herself.

"I knew it! Wipe that paint off your mouth."

"Nobody but you could see it. If I had any health my mouth'd be redder than this without paint."

"You'd have better health if you'd stay home your free nights and not spend your strength and money running off to - "

"Forgotten a scholarship's paying for this?"

"There's other scholarships - if you tried."

"None I could take and keep my job. You can't cut university classes two nights a week, or make out your own schedule at the switchboards."

"You could fix it somehow if you really tried. And classes'd get you somewhere. What good's this painting - "

"Saves me from being bored crazy in this trap! Let me out, I'm late."

"Not till your mouth's clean you won't walk out my door." Stiff rage rimmed the woman's own mouth with white. "I knew how it'd be once you got with a bunch of loose-living art students."

"Oh, stuff! I've been making up my face since I was 13, once I'm out the door."

"Think I didn't know? I've seen the truck in your purse. But you never threw it in my teeth till now."

"Because it's too dark out now to fix up on the way, that's all." With a violent contemptuous motion the girl dragged the back of her hand across her lips. "There! Satisfied."

When the rigid figure facing her did not move, she thrust a shoulder forward and shoved the woman bodily aside. Then she wrenched the door open and ran across the hall.

"Listen, Essy!" came hissing after her. "Next time you do that you'll find this door bolted when you get home and your things outside. And you won't get back in."

"Fine! There's nothing I'd like better." The outer door shut with a crash.

Outside, her feet pounded along in a hard sprint, and fury pounded as hard inside her skull. ...Old witch! Just let her try hanging on to that house without my board money. Or else take in a bunch of roomers again. Couldn't shove them around like she does me. It's half mine by rights anyhow, I'm her father's daughter too, if Mom was only four years older than her. And if she 'kept' me all those years, by golly I earned every bite I ate and every stitch I wore doing housework. She saw to that, damn her! And damn, damn her for holding me up tonight...

She ran easily on crepe soles, but at the boulevard her breath was coming fast and loud. No use saving time this way, only look a bigger mess when Garda saw her. Stopped by the traffic light, she forced herself to breathe deep and slowly, and stooping casually she unfolded the narrow black slacks cuffed up out of sight under her black trench coat. (Would old Mag ever blow a fuse if she saw those!) When emerald replaced ruby above her, she crossed and swung steadily up the slope beside the ornate iron fence of the Institute grounds. She'd just have to walk into the rest room bare-faced and make up

in front of them all. At least Garda wouldn't be in there...

Garda... She could see the small gaunt wonderful face - olive skin, high cheekbones, level slate-blue eyes - as clearly as on the model stand under merciless light. And the strong-boned small thin body, equally perfect in off-shoulder blouse and billowing skirt or scant gray tricot hardly swelled by the childish breasts. Garda...name learned only last week, but so perfect for her it seemed always known. As if some depth in her own mind had guessed it, even while old TenBrinck was saying 'Mrs. Parton,' always formal with his models so the men wouldn't get fresh. But the men, thank heaven, didn't hang over Garda the way they did over pouting Mae-Westish Murphy.

So last week at the first 'rest' she'd held out her cigarette to the passive brooding girl. 'Want one, Mrs. Parton?' She got an odd direct look, and in a low and slightly roughened voice, 'Thanks. My name's Garda. And yours?' 'Vanessa.' She scowled and reddened as always, old Mag having rubbed in well its - and her mother's - highbrow affectation. 'But my friends call me Van. And my enemies, Essy.' 'Thanks for the cig, Van. Now I have to stretch and relax.' And Garda was gone into the curtained alcove where models left their wraps and changed. So far they'd sketched Garda in whatever she came wearing. She seemed to know what art teachers liked...

By the time Van reached the rest room most of the girls were out of it, and she did her face quickly, pleased at the glow haste had given her. Or was it excitement?

Certainly there seemed an odd excitement about the class when she made her way in from her locker. TenBrinck was already beside the model stand, and to her fury every space anywhere near it was taken. Also of course Garda was already in the dressing alcove, which meant the chance was lost of meeting her eyes when she arrived - and getting some look of greeting, perhaps. Because, once she stepped out onto the stand, Garda was as impersonal as any bowl of apples or chianti flask set up in high school art classes.

By inching and contriving, Van got a place, far back but with a fair view of the stand, set up her easel, opened her paint case on its shelf, and readied brushes. Then she waited, watching the curtains. When they parted, Garda came out in a magenta negligee, eyes as always looking through and beyond the class. And as always she stood impassively waiting for TenBrinck to pose her.

He stepped up, removed the robe and threw it skillfully over the chair, a move that proclaimed it a studio property. And there stood, uncovered, the small perfect dark-olive body that was somehow gaunt without being bony... Van drew an audible gasp through an open mouth already dry, while the walls swayed and swam around one single stable point where TenBrinck was adjusting the pliant figure in a pensive, absorbed, careless position in the chair. He stepped back and circled the platform, making sure no angle of sight was unpaintable, and then said: "Do not forget what we have been learning - essential form. Do not now become lost in detail. Twenty minute pose as usual."

Van tried to pick up a brush but her muscles were too unstrung. All but those of her face, which were rigid with control. Thank heaven for her place at the back! To be caught up front - without warning...He must have announced a 'life' pose before she came in, that's what they were all buzzing about... If she'd heard she could have just stayed out... She dared not move her eyes from the rich fold of magenta satin beside the olive shoulder, the spot to which they fled when they became aware what was happening. On her cheek bones spots burned as though hot coins had branded her there. Her hands were slippery with sweat. Her jaws ached.

...I have never seen anyone naked before...except myself.. and only pieces of myself at one time, standing on a chair in the bathroom... What am I to do? Oh, what <u>can</u> I do? Are <u>all</u> of <u>them</u>...

By an effort she moved her eyes and then her head to see that the whole class had begun work. Not perhaps a hundred percent matter-of-factly - more than one man and even a girl or two weren't going at it with quite the competent,

casual speed which was her eternal envy. But the majority were holding crayons off at arm's length, squinting, or even blocking in paint direct on the canvas, as if they were still drawing from a peasant blouse and skirt. Or a chianti bottle.

She hated them. She hated herself more. And suppose the figure up there, for all its somnambulist's eyes, was really seeing - . What would Garda Parton - who could bare her body to 30 people as casually as slip off her coat - think of a goon struck paralyzed at the mere sight of that body? She wanted to die.

It was eons...it was a few racing seconds...until Ten-Brinck said, "Rest, Mrs. Parton," and the small gaunt figure rose, turned, vanished between the curtains. Van was still unable to move except for steady shivering, and her body was running with sweat. Slowly but inevitably the quiet old Dutchman, dropping kind or sharp or humorous comments as he inspected canvases, reached her side and saw hers empty.

(To be concluded next month)

LESBIAN DRAMA MAY GO TO SEA

Ronald Duncan's play about Lesbianism, "The Catalyst", may go to sea to beat the Lord Chamberlain's ban against its public performance according to an item from London printed in Variety recently.

Negotiations are on between Duncan and the Cunard Line for the play to be presented on the Queens on their trans-Atlantic runs. The drama is currently at the Arts Theater Club, and cannot be shown at a commercial theater because of the Lord Chamberlain's nix.

The idea of putting it on outside of territorial waters ("where the Lord Chamberlain can't touch it," says Duncan) came from American actor Phil Brown, who directed the play and stars in it with Renee Asherson and Virginia Maskell.

coming in june

A Lesbian Questionnaire

Enclosed in the June issue of THE LADDER subscribers will find a questionnaire - the first step in the attempt of the Daughters of Bilitis to amass valid information on the Lesbian.

This sociological questionnaire is only a beginning, for from it we hope to gain a broad foundation of information from which we can base other surveys and studies.

Your cooperation in filling out and returning the questionnaire promptly is urgently requested. The more data we have the more valid the survey - and this means that as many Lesbians as possible should answer the questions.

Only one questionnaire will be sent to a subscriber. If you need two, or if you have a number of friends who are interested, drop a postcard to Research Committee, Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., 165 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco 2, California, and the number you request will be mailed to you.

There has been much bitter comment that all the published data on Lesbians comes either from badly maladjusted women who have sought psychiatric help or from women in prison. It is high time information was collected and published covering <u>all</u> Lesbians, not just a few. And apparently the only way to make sure this is done is to do it ourselves. The data gathered in this survey will be published in THE LADDER

The questionnaire will be completely anonymous. We do not need, or want, your names. We ask only a few minutes of your time and a three cent stamp.

Me vs. Taxes

All morning I have been working on my income tax and this is a drearier task for the Lesbian than for most people.

We live together, we own homes, we pool our resources and we work for the community, but we cannot enjoy the benefits of a household under the law.

According to statistics that I have seen here and there, there must be quite a lot of "married" homosexuals. This is a great boon to Uncle Sam, because, no matter how much these people make, no matter how much property they own, they will still pay the "single, one deduction" type of income tax. A pair of Lesbians may own a house, join the community league, contribute to all causes, keep the yard up as a credit to the area. They enjoy the taxes imposed by the state and county and city. They pay these taxes. But because the church and state do not sanction their "marriage" they must file as single citizens and pay the premium tax thereon. Property is held jointly, loans are made jointly. The mortgage broker doesn't question the sex. Property taxes are levied jointly upon the owners. Only when it comes to income tax does the fairness disappear.

I do not cry for a small space on an income tax blank asking for me to check "sex" and leaving room for a variation. I do not ask for a special consideration. I just think that one person in any household that is bearing its rightful burdens otherwise, should be allowed to claim "head of household" without a lot of claptrap about "relationship".

Society may choose to condemn homosexuality. But those of us who live together and own property and join in our community's interests are householders and have a right to consideration under the constitution. Shall we all become cousins?

- Helen Sanders

a review

Two Women Of Yesterday

"The Passionate Exiles: Madam de Stael and Madame Recamier, by Maurice Levaillant. Translated from the French by Malcolm Barnes. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1958.

In the summer of 1798, Germaine Necker, Baroness of Stael-Holstein, met Juliette Recamier. Mme. de Stael was 31 and Juliette was 21 and the most celebrated beauty of her time. This first meeting had a great impact on the two women. Juliette said in later life, "She fixed her great eyes upon me and paid me compliments about my figure which might have seemed exaggerated and too direct had they not seemed to have escaped her...From this time on I thought only of Mme. de Stael."

This violent period of French history contained few more controversial figures than Mme. de Stael. Her romantic, political and literary exploits kept all of Europe agog. She so angered Napoleon that he had her more or less exiled in her Swiss chateau at Coppet. Mme. Recamier spent the next 19 years of her life with Mme. de Stael, in exile at Coppet and in Paris. (Juliette Recamier was married to an elderly banker. She never lived with him physically and seemed just to ignore him completely after meeting Mme. de Stael.)

The friendship between the two women grew very passionate, according to this biographer, Maurice Levaillant. "The exaggerated ardor of Mme. de Stael entranced the lovely young Juliette, whose extreme chastity and innocence had endeared her to everyone in Paris literary circles."

In 1807 the fabulous novel "Corinne" appeared and Mme. de Stael's place in literary history was insured. Mme. de Stael was less reticent in every way than Juliette Recamier. In one letter she wrote to Juliette, she says:

"I love you with a love that surpasses that of friendship." When Mme. de Stael was dying she said to Juliette, "I embrace you with all that remains of me."

The entire biography of their lives if filled with detail of the imbroglios of politicians and literati of their day, but the main theme of the book will be clearly understood when one considers that the original French title was "Une Amitie Amoureuse" which literally translated means, "The Passionate Friendship". - B. G.

GIRLS AND BASEBALL

There is an unfortunate attitude around the fringes that all Lesbians are members of soft ball teams. This just isn't the case. Personally, I never could manage to hit a beach ball with a full sized oar, and as for running the bases...I just can't remember all the things that are involved and would more likely than not end up making a home run on a scratch single, according to me, but would have been thrown out at first according to the umps.

However, these personal matters have not kept me from being a follower of baseball and I've drunk my share of beer and eaten steamed hot dogs on cold buns many a Sunday afternoon while watching AAA ball on the coast. Now, big league has come to our shores. San Francisco has the Giants and Los Angeles has the Dodgers. The prices have gone up and horror of horrors...they are not going to sell beer in the L.A. Coliseum. I'm not sure how this will turn out. I'll go once or twice and try it, but I suspect that there will be a vacant feeling and a need for great and spectacular plays to keep my mind off the customary paper cup and the strained shouts of the beer boy as he struggles around the stands.

This year I will be attending the ball games with a novice. She never did go for the sport, but she says she loves me enough to make the great sacrifice and see what all this summer madness is about. I am preparing a dossier on all the players. I've been brushing up on the language so I

can explain the intricacies of the double play, the steal, the pitch-out, etc. Most important, I've been charting a system of getting to the ball park with the car and getting back without getting killed or kept in a traffic jam for the better part of a night.

The foretellers of doom (i.e., the newspapers in the area) are speaking already of the expected carnage on the pavements. The taxpayers are screaming. And spring training has taken its usual toll.

Last night I said, "They think Duke Snider's knee will keep him out of the line-up opening day." To which my spouse replied, "Is that important?" This should have discouraged me, but I persisted. I told her that the Dodgers just couldn't come up with another Campanella for a few years. Her concern was for Campy's neck, not the Dodgers. "Anybody should be able to catch," she said. And I should have caught on right then. But I didn't. We're going to see this thing through.

This summer we'll be right out there watching the game. You will be able to pick us out of the crowd. I'll be wearing a pained look and my voice will be hoarse..not from yelling, but from explaining, "what did he do?" and she will be wearing a sun-shade, holding a hot dog and looking around the crowd with her back turned to the field whenever a great play is made. Then I will explain to her what happened. She won't care very much. But we'll be out in what this town calls air and we'll watch the ballet on the field and it will be worth the effort because we will see big league baseball and we'll be together.

She says she is going to buy me a T-Shirt with L. A. Dodgers stamped on it. So far we haven't found any in my size. But I know she loves me, because she likes to watch me enjoying myself. And I'll bet there will be a lot of people in the stands this or any year who are there for just that reason. This is the most important thing...Anybody can love the game, but to love enough to put up with the game is something else, and it is rare and beautiful. See you at the ball park?

- Nancy Sullavan

The Coming Out of Martos

A story by Barbara Stephens

Rumors were abroad that there was a Martian in Francois By The Sea. Financiers of MacGoverny Street reported a "griffin" swooping down among the skyscrapers, and a pair of water-soaked longshoremen came to the Reporter office to tell of a "sea-monster" sighted around the docks. Dr. Bungler, well-known psychiatrist was consulted, and an interpretation of the panic appeared in the next day's Reporter. "In view of the recent trends in business and the crashing stock market," the resume ran, "it's only natural that our nerve-wracked bankers should be seeing anything. Furthermore, the story of the two longshoremen is highly incredible, in as much as Messrs. Smith and Jones are well-known inebriates."

Nevertheless, fear wrapped her icy fingers around the gay city by the sea, reflecting the trend by a sales boom in padlocks and atomic bomb shelters.

Martos preened his soft gossamer wings, and looked out the garage window at the city. Safely ensconced at Miss Pete's house, he still felt a prisoner, deeming it safe to venture in the open only after dark, and then just at times of the thickest fog. Considering himself a very fine specimen of Mars-hood, and member of a race far in advance of the human beings, he was a little hurt by the reactions of horror and disgust to his presence. Pete had many things to say to him.

"No, Martos, you can't be an exhibitionist in the United States. Yes, I know, you like your wings! They're beautiful! Only, human beings don't approve of them. That wasn't very smart of you, showing off your flying skill down MacGoverny Street yesterday, you scared people. People don't take to new things that quick, and they resent novelty being forced on them like that. It's just as if I appeared down

Front Street in men's clothes."

"Have you tried that?"

"Sure, I used to dress that way. But I don't like to be a martyr that well. I'd rather be a non-conformist in things that count."

"But what did people do?"

"Oh, most of them were pretty nice, they ignored me. A few made remarks."

"Didn't any stand up for you?"

"Of course not. They're afraid of being typed with me."

"That's strange. In Mars, we'd feel guilty if we didn't stand up for you. We have a religion of a sort out there, and one of our commandments is: 'Thou shalt be tolerant; thou shalt never let a stranger suffer in thy midst.' Unfortunately, Martians like humans are sociologically backwards, and they feel as uncomfortable as you do towards change."

"It's not only that, Mart, but some people consider it a breech of good manners to be radically different, and propriety counts out here."

"Ah, propriety--it's nice, but what happens when propriety clashes with decency? Is it best to punish thy neighbor for disagreeing with you, or is it better to be humane?"

"I'll tell you, Mart, most people don't know the difference; ethics and convention are one and the same. I'll take a middle-of-the-road stand here. I think, customs, like the Sabbath, were made for man, but not man for the customs."

"Lay still, Martos, there's someone at the door." Pete left the garage and rushed to the house to answer

the door. Tommy and Gwen were there.

"Greetings, Tommy, Gwen, come in."

"How are ya doing, Pete? Survived the night? And did you ditch your 'friend'?"

"You mean Marty? No, he's still here. I'm keeping him here for a while—he's too interesting to let go."

"But aren't you scared? He's a freak!"

"He is not! Why, he's a Martian, and he's supposed to look like that. Just like you're a human, and a butch- so you look the way you do."

"Well, I'm a normal freak, not a freak-freak like your Marty, and some of your transvest friends."

"Easy, Tommy. Have you heard of glass houses?"

"Heck, Pete, I didn't want to fight with you. Let's have dinner and relax."

They sat down at a dinette table, and Pete brought in some burgundy and Mulligan stew. The fragrant viands eased the fagged nerves a little, and they began to discuss things. Gwen produced the latest Reporter.

"It's all over the headlines, and aren't you in serious trouble for harboring a dangerous alien?"

"I don't think Martians are yet on the 'subversive list.' But they might be any time."

"But what are we going to do? You've caused enough hub-bub at Riley's, and we're all involved."

"Well Gwen, what would you do if you were caught on a battlefield with a red coat? Why, I'd take it off. You should know more than most people the advantages

 (Continued on Page 25)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Tuesday, May 13 - Rudolf Burkhart, English Editor of "Der Kreis", homophile magazine published in Zurich, Switzerland, will speak at the Mattachine Society public discussion meeting, 1830 Sutter St., 8 p.m.

Wednesday, May 14 - DOB monthly business meeting, at 2174 California St. (basement apt.), 8 p.m.

Saturday, May 17 - Mattachine party at "the Bob's", 1543 Diamond St. $1.00 donation. 7 p.m. on -

Saturday, May 24 - DOB party for members and their guests. Reservations required. Phone office for particulars, YUkon 2-9290. Guest cards will be available at the business meeting.

Tuesday, May 27 - Leo J. Zeff, clinical psychologist, will speak on "What Eastern Religions Can Offer You" at DOB public discussion meeting, 465 Geary St., Studio 30, 8:15 p.m.

Tuesday, June 2 - LADDER work party. We can use a couple of hours of your time and energy to assemble, fold, staple and trim the June issue. Please note use of word, party! It's possible to have fun too, you know, and it's an excellent way to meet people. At 7 p.m. at the DOB office.

Friday, June 6 - Gab 'n Java session at 3927 Army St., 8 p.m. Informal discussion for women only.

Wednesday, June 11 - Monthly business meeting, 2174 California St., 8 p.m.

Office hours now being maintained by the Daughters of Bilitis at 165 O'Farrell St., Rm. 405: Tuesday throught Thursday evenings from 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

LESBIANA

59. HALO IN BRASS by John Evans. Bantam Books, 1958 (25¢); Bobbs-Merrill, 1949.

A very fast paced Lesbian mystery. Young Laura disappears in Chicago and her parents hire a private detective to find her. She is described as a very pretty, wholesome girl with no time for boy friends and lots of girl friends. Starting with the mannish Bertha Lund, and covering a lot of territory before the denouement, this little story runs hot and cold and is very, very gay. A treat for the Lesbian literature habitue as well as the who-dun-it fan.

60. GEORGIANA by Maude Hutchins. New Directions, 1948.

Careful emotional history of a growing girl, with a good many similarities to the Lesbian treatment of this author's "Diary of Love". The middle section of the book takes Georgiana through a girls boarding school. There are several variant incidents, and two of overt Lesbianism. The last section of the book tells of the heroine's general disintegration which at one point the jauthor blames on a Lesbian complex. Inconsistent but generally good writing.

61. THE MOON VOW by Dr. Hazel Lin. The Pageant Press, 1957 (published April, 1958).

Written by a physician, this novel is concerned with the problems of a 16-year-old bride who cannot consummate her marriage. It is set in Peking and involves a woman doctor's search for the reasons for the young bride's attitude. Through her search the doctor becomes entangled with a Lesbian club. For the most part the story is strong and sensitive, falling down only in the ending which is stereotyped and disappointing. The Lesbians encountered in the book are indeed a sorry lot. Recommended reading, however, for the value in the first parts of the book.

READERS RESPOND

"I have noticed in your 'Readers Respond' column interest in sources for out-of-print books and wish to point out to you and your subscribers that I do searching for such issues. I have been issuing lists of recent and older books on the homosexual theme for some time, including books on Lesbianism ("Sex Variant Women in Literature" etc.). I would be glad to send this listing free of charge to anyone requesting it. In particular, your readers might be interested in knowing that I am importing from England a superb book which has been out of print for some time: EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN by Compton Mackenzie at $3.95 plus 15¢ postage. It is a very witty book which pokes a good deal of fun at everyone, the women included, but is really quite sympathetic. (See Foster)."

Howard Frisch, VILLAGE BOOKS
116 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y.

We would be interested in receiving a number of copies of your book lists for our members and to keep on file at the DOB office. -ED.

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"I received my copy of the April LADDER today and I was agreeably surprised by its early arrival. I hope you will be able to continue putting it together at such an early date.

"The letter to Ann Aldrich is a masterpiece of quiet contained thought. Secondly I liked Barbara Stephens' story very much and I agree with her opinion of 'Butch and Femme'. The 'No Exit' review was quite neatly handled.

"In the concluding paragraph of the review of 'The Romantic Agony', the reviewer left out a phase of extreme importance in Lesbian novels. Between 1926 and 1952 a number of novels appeared which do not fall into either the 'saintly' or the 'penny-dreadful' class. I cite in particular the tender and wonderfully written 'We Too Are

Drifting' by Gale Wilhelm. The heroine, Jan Morale, is no saint and not averse to sex without love, and certainly she is no penny dreadful heroine either. I admit they are far and few between, but they exist. As for the 'great gay novel' I imagine it is as unlikely to occur as the fabled and sought after 'great American novel'. As Robert Browning says in his 'Andrea del Sarto', 'Ah but the reach should exceed the grasp, or what's a heaven for?'

"While J.S.'s letter is sincere, it is an incomplete thought. She does not suggest any real, worthwhile substitute for the term, Lesbian, or the column, 'Lesbiana'. Since the function of the column is made abundantly clear by the heading 'Lesbiana', why change it? We are all technically (men or women) considered homosexuals, but popular usage has limited that term to men almost completely. Dr. Foster's term 'variant' was excellent for her study, but it includes books that are not specifically Lesbian or homosexual. Since the greatest lyric poet of all time was Sappho of Lesbos and since we derive our name Lesbian from that, I feel it is a fitting tribute to a very great woman to call the column 'Lesbiana'."

B.G., Kansas City, Kansas

* * * * *

"Love LADDER's April cover. Very fine silhouette. Is she a staff member? And may I say, in all earnestness, that your letter to Ann Aldrich hit the nail right on the head and was good reading. 'A Martian View', for me, started well, but when it went into the dialogue it fell apart. All this butch and fem business - what's with it?

"And what is distasteful or unpleasant about the word, Lesbian, pray? It has a rather pretty sound about it, don't you think? And when we dare to pass the sound barrier into the semantics of it...well...it is not so dreadful after all. What could be more apropos than to refer to the Lesbian as a Lesbian? But seriously, I prefer it to the word homosexual. When I refer to a woman, I don't say, 'This female heterosexual I know...' Lesbian, after all, connotes the type of gender. A pity the boys have no such name outside of slang. Homosexual has

always been kind of absurd to me for just that reason. I, for one, think your heading 'Lesbiana' certainly 'worthwhile' to the column."

T.C., Hollywood, Calif.

The picture used on the April cover was submitted to us anonymously. It is not a member of the staff. -ED.

* * * * *

"I was delighted that you have discovered the old 'Vice Versa' works. I read of the existence of them in the 'Homosexuals Today, 1956' put out by One, Inc. and wondered at the time if any of the members or staff would come forward and find you people.

"The Sandra Pine article in the March LADDER set me back a small amount. I was reading along happily and nodding approval when I got to the part about a regular family. Now I really am wondering what she meant. Surely she and her lover are not married to men? I also wonder how people who really love one another can stand to live apart. I know it exists; I cannot deny the evidence to be found in profusion. It merely baffles me.

"I cannot agree with Marion Zimmer Bradley's opinion of Ann Aldrich. Though I realize she is not too good, she is not trash as Miss Bradley claims. From the vantage point of years of careful reading of Lesbian fiction, I still insist that she is in the upper half of the middle third as far as quality goes."

V.N., Kansas City, Kansas

* * * * *

"Am planning to make fairly regular donation (to be used in the main as you all see fit); my only request being that some portion go into the university-medical library subscription fund.

"Also, would like the library to have my copies of 'Things As They Are' and 'The Second Sex', which I am mailing out

to you. Am wondering if you have any specific desiderata. It might be a good idea to advertise such in a future LADDER. By so doing you ought to obtain a good number of the books we may now be lacking. As far as I personally am concerned, feel our library should be complete even to the extent of sacrifice in my own private collection. Others, I believe, will feel the same."

J.H., Huntington, W. Va.

The books arrived, and we can't begin to express our gratitude. Gertrude Stein's book is a collector's item we didn't dream of obtaining for the DOB Library..."ED.

* * * * *

"Glad to see that other people (for instance FL in your March letter column) are interested in the idea of a research project. I wrote you a few months ago that this has been in my mind for a long while, and I think I should try to spell out my thoughts in a little more detail. I'm talking mostly from ignorance, and don't know how useful any of it is, but anyway:

"First, my idea would differ from the present DOB project as I understand it (and from the idea of your letter-writer) in that it would be especially concerned with existing personality patterns and traits of homosexuals. Of course early background is very important - probably more so, if you are mainly concerned with the causes of homosexuality. But I start off in my thinking with the practical problem of social and job discrimination, etc. This is based at least in part on a stereotyped picture of what the homosexual is like, and I think it would be very valuable to find out and show by a broad survey, using the best techniques possible, what he and she are really like.

"How could or should a study be made? Although I am not trained in this field, I believe that personality is studied today by means of: (a) personality inventories, which are basically questionnaires with the answers keyed

to give a score on such traits as for instance stability, dominance, extroversion, self-sufficiency, and whatnot; (b) so-called 'projective tests' where the subject is asked to respond to a picture or a story and his response gives clue to his 'personality structure'. This kind of test has been developed, I believe, mainly in the psychoanalytic school and uses their approach to personality. Also (c) personality is sometimes studied by getting ratings on a number of different traits by associates and friends of the subject. The first two methods in particular seem to require the advice of trained psychologists. The third method could not be handled at all by anyone who was not highly trained.

"There are many objections and problems that come to mind

---

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in regard to these methods. First, there is a lot of scepticism about personality inventories, and I believe even the experts aren't sure of their validity. Second, as to projective tests, many are dubious about the psychoanalytic approach, partly because of the hostility of some doctors, and because there seems to be almost a built-in bias in some of the theories. The rating scales would raise problems, too, of getting willing subjects to be rated, persons to do the rating, and of protecting the subjects by not divulging the theme of the study to the raters. Next objection, where would we get the appropriate expertise? And finally, unfavorable test results would not help us very much if we didn't know whether the personality traits we found were due to the homosexuality itself, or to the social situation.

"I do not think these objections should stop us. First, I think there is absolutely no question but that somebody, some day, in one of the professional fields of social science, is going to do such studies, and they will have to use available methods, however imperfect. We would have something to contribute, in motivation, and in providing subjects. And I think it is likely we would have something to gain - because I believe that if we got a really broad sample, we would turn up a very great variety in personality patterns. We're not trying to show, after all, that homosexuals are superior, or flawless, but only that they are people - differing in all ways that other people differ from one another. I for one would be curious to see the results of projective tests (though this is the last thing we are likely to succeed in doing, on any kind of scale). I don't think facts could ever hurt us. But of course, interpretations could. And if we thought the results were ambiguous or misleading, or could be easily misinterpreted, we would not have to give them mass circulation!"

F.J., Chicago, Ill.

Your ideas are well taken and have been turned over to the DOB research committee. The first in a series of questionnaires will be sent out with the June issue of THE LADDER. See page 9. -ED.

(Continued from page 16)

of protective coloration."

"Yes, we can do it. But Martos? Incredible! He isn't even human!"

"I don't know about that. He's pretty human inside, and a fairly intelligent fellow at that. Now I've still got some men's clothes lying around the house. Oh, I forgot, the wings and tentacles. Hummmmm. That is a problem!"

Tommy added, "He's the right size though, five-nine. I wonder if he can fold up the wings."

Pete called Mart up from the garage. Mart was smiling, for with his supersonic ears, he had heard the conversation.

"Pete, I was wondering, could you make me into a man- I mean a good imitation man? I might be more acceptable to society if my appearance were spruced up a little. I'm a Martian, but that doesn't make me impossible. See, the wings can fold up nicely into a small packet. And my tentacles are retractile: I'll need only four of them. Say now, a suit, hat, shoes and gloves. And I've already learned the English language back on Mars."

Martos emerged from the dressing room in a grey flannel suit, hat and gloves. He grumbled, "Beastly things, these ties. They'd strangle a man."

"I know, that's what I didn't like about wearing men's clothes. Talk about women's clothes being uncomfortable—but men's ties and vests take the cake!"

"Up on Mars, we think clothes are silly. But we do get rather snobbish about our wings."

Pete and Tommy viewed the "gentleman" from head to

foot, and Martos murmured something about bunyons on his tentacles. His walk was a little odd, but practice might take care of that. And the face? Martos opened the black case that he customarily kept strapped to his wings.

"I was advised to carry this with me by my superiors, and I see the reason now. Pete, you've seen my eye-pieces haven't you? X-ray eyes, infra-red eyes, bifocal eyes, and even some humanoid eyes. Don't be shocked, ladies, but we Martians have adjustable face pieces, thanks to modern science. Now, to screw in the right eyes, plug in the nose and mouth pieces. My predecessor who visited Earth last season photographed some human beings and reproduced these facial parts for future explorers. Now, how do I look?"

"Good enough to walk up Front Street."

"Then, I'd like to take a walk. Will you ladies escort me to Riley's?"

"A pleasure, Sir."

Riley's was packed, and rocking with music that night. The four tromped through the door, and greeted everybody.

"Howdy," Gus shouted—"Hey, Pete, where'd you find that good-lookin' butch?"

"Gus, that's Marty!"

"Jiminy! You mean that 'thing'? How'd you do it?"

"Not hard. It's something we all have to learn."

"Yeh, but some of us learn the hard way. Glad Marty caught on quick--"

Martos smiled graciously. But he wasn't listening. He was dreaming. Dreaming of a glorious future, where even a Martian can be himself.

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